

The Historie of

Prin. O my sweet beeffe, I must still be good Angell to thee,
the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and
do it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had bene of horse. Where shall I finde one
that can steale wel? O, for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or ther
about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I
praise them. *Prince Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,
To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*,
Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hostes*, my breakefast come

Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Act 4. Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas. Scene 1.

Hot. Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not though flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons flampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. Do so, and t'is well: What letters hast thou there I can
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leisure to be sicke
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

Mess. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

War. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth.

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much feard by his Phisition.

War. I would the state of time had first bin whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect

The very life-bloud of our enterprife,

T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any souleremou'd, but on his owne,

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly posselt

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

War. Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall find it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good, for therein should we read

H.

The